





Correspondence Column

Thanks for Bollar.

Dear Editor,—I am sending in a dollar for my sister and me as a contribution for Claud Belon. I think, he is dear. We have intended to send the money in before, but I have never gotten round to it. Several of the members of our club are school friends of my sister and me, and that makes the club doubly interesting. I shall certainly hate to go back to school after this lovely vacation. I don't see how I can buckle down to work again. I hope you had a lovely vacation. We missed you. Sincerely yours,

ETII THOMAS.

Likes Suggestion for Context and Prizes. Likes Suggestion for Contest and Prizes.

Likes Suggestion for Contest and Prizes.

Dearest Editor,—It hardly seems possible to think that it is the first of September does it? Friday I heard a sound that I thought was an automobile, and a friend of mine looked up and what do you think she saw? An airplane. When it was coming back something became the matter with the engine, and by mistake it landed in a cornield and was badly broken. We went over where it was and got some of the linen that covers the fings. The county is the same of the linen that covers the linen that covers the county our letter about prizes in the caper. I should certainly love to the litter of the county is the county in the caper. I should certainly love to the county in the caper. I should certainly love to the county of the county in the caper. I should certainly love to the county in the caper. I should certainly love to the county of the county of the county in the county of th

glad to have the chance to get more. Your loving member.

P. S.—I think a war orphan contest would be very good.—E. L.

Thanks for Dime.

Dear Editor.—I would like very much to toin the T.-D. C. C. Please send me a badge. I have been reading the page and I like it. I am sending in my dime to help some poor little child. Editor, please send this in print. I think my letter is getting long so I will have to close. I will send in my box. With love.

JAMES PHILLIPS.

Sends Two Dimes.

Sends Two Dimes.

Dear Editor.—I have written to you once before, but I suppose you didn't get the letter, so I am writing again and am sending something for the page. I want to join, as I have long read the page and enjoyed it. Inclosed you will find something for the little orphan. Please send me a badge and the rules. Your loving new member.

MABEL L. GARRETT.

Thanks for Dime.

Dear Editor.—I have become so interested in the page of late that I have decided to join. I wish you would please send me a badge and a copy of the rules. Increase, you will find a dime for the little or hand boy. Well, as my letter is getting long, will close. Sincrely, your new member.

VIRGINIA TRICE. long I will close. Sincerely, your new member.
VIRGINIA TRICE.
Likes Suggestions for Contest Prizes.
Dear Editor.—I think a war orphan contest would be just grand. We sil know something about "our war orphan." If we don't know anything about any other. I am sure all of the members are willing to sacrifice a book or pencil box so that they might help their government. This will help the boys and girls (who haven't a chance to earn money) to fill up their thrift stamp book. I would lots rather have thrift stamps than a book, because after you read a book it's all over with, but when you have thrift stamps you know there is still something coming to you in 1923. Wasn't Jennings I. Hunt's drawing good in Sunday's paper? Best wishes for you and the members. As ever.

MARIA BEAZLEY.
Likes Contest.

Likes Contest.

Dear Editor.—I am so glad we are going to have a war orphan contest. I think it would be nicer to have thrift stamps than books and pencil boxes for prizes. I think the same thing. How about it, members? Didn't we have a selendid page Sunday? I certainly did entoy reading Alice Pearson's story. Well, as I don't know of anything else to write I will close for this time, howing to see this in print Sunday. Your old member.

P. S.—Flease send me my prize and badge as soon as you can.—E, L. R.

Thanks for Dollar.

Sends Drawing.

Dear Editor.—I am sending a little draw
for and hope it will be at the top of page
Wish rou and all health and happiness
Don't put in the waste-basket. Yours truly
Don't put in the waste-basket. Yours truly

Richmond.

Wants Patriotic Contest.

Dear Editor.—I was real sorry that my drawing wasn't in print, but I shouldn't expect P to be in there every Sunday. I think it would be just fine to have a patriotic contest. Don't you't I must close now, with much love to you and all the members, your old member.

RUTH H. LADD.

which I hope to see in crint Sanday. Editor in the see in crint Sanday. She was a dream fairy and she told that I was a little French child, mother buildren win one understand. What do the children win one in the street is own one. Please tell me, so I may try and win one. I am looking for my badge. A new number.

No. Indeed:

Dear Editor—I guess you have forgotten me. The last time I sent something to the nage was in March, but I have not forgotten it, hecause I look at the page every week little Claude Belot's mother's letter was yery interesting. I'll say good-by now. With love to you and all the members.

Newport News, Va.

She was a dream fairy and she told mother less and fatheriess. I was out in the street, cold and hungry and no where to go.

The bombs were bursting in the air all around me. How I wished some child in America would adopt me. They could at least knit things to keep me warm.

Bang! bang! Where was I, was I Jumped down and ran into the house. "Mother," I said, "I know how I can help my country."

Newport News, Va.

Praises Member.

Dear Editor.—Haven't we been having hot weather? I thought I would roast. I bet it was hard on the soldiers. I am not sending in a drawing or story this time because I just couldn't think of what to draw or anything to write about, so I am going to surgest for our contest. I thought that a war saving stamp contest would be nice or a Liberty bond one. I certainly did entory "The Fighting Frenchman," by Greer Wells Didn't you? Our school starts the lith of this month, and I will be in the seventh grade. I am eleven now, but I will be twelve in November. I guess I have motion to the stooping, so will close. With love to you and the members.

ELIZABETH CRUTE.

Thinks Page Improves.

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Dear Editor.—I haven't written to the page in some time, but I hope you don't think I've forgotten it. I think the page improves more and more every Sunday. I am sending in a story, which I hope to see in orint Sunday. I will have to close for this time. Your old member.

Charlie Hope, Va.

P. S.—Please excuse black ink.

Wants Indian Contest.
Dear Editor,—Inclosed you will find drawing, which I hove to see in Sunday's paper.
I think an Indian contest would be fine. As my letter is getting long, so will have to close. Love to all. A member.
LOUISE WILLIAMS.
Has Seran Book

Has Sern Book.

Dear Editor.—I am sending in a drawing. I would like very much to see it in Sunday's naper. I didn't think about sending anything in last week. Yes, I did, too, but I couldn't think of anything much. The page improves every Sunday, don't you think so? I really don't know what kind that contest I would like, but just any old think so? I really don't know what kind the contest I would like, but just any old think so? I really don't know what kind the contest I would like, but just any old that contest I would like, but just any old that contest I would like, but just any old that contest I would like, but just any old that the sould like it is in the contest of the could be contested in the good drawings and all the kood cless in. I call it my scrapbook, I supposed less in. I call it my scrapbook, I supposed to you and all of the members.

Boylton, Va.

BOJTH I. WARREN.

P. S.—Please excuse lined paper, but I couldn't find my other better one.—E. I. W. We're Missed You.

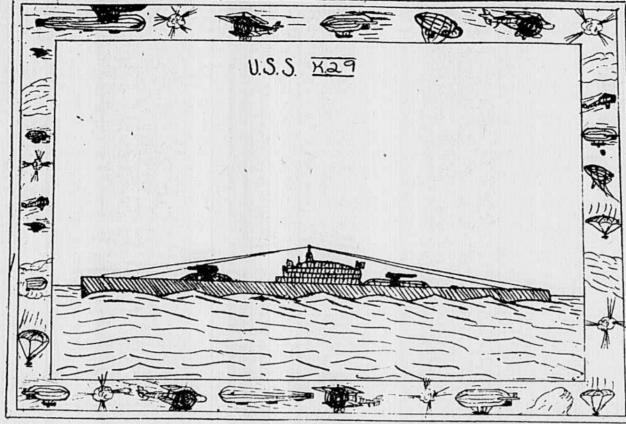
Bowlton, Va.

P. S.—Please excuse lined paper, but I couldn't find my other better onc.—E. I. W. We're Missed You.

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You are Editor.—My goodness, it has been a long time since I wrote, hasn't it? Seeing the long time since I wrote, hasn't it? Seeing the long time since I wrote, hasn't it? Seeing the long the long time since I wrote, hasn't it? Seeing the long to the long to



Dear Editor.—In July I sent 60 cents (sixty cents) for little Claude Belott I promised to zend 15 cents (ten cents) every month, and that was for the rest of the war orphans in July, as well as the year I didn't see my letter in the paper, but I kept walting and thought it would finally be printed, because you said if we didn't see our letters in the paper to wait and they would be printed later. Please let me know if you got the letter and money. To-day I am sending \$\frac{1}{2}\$ (one deliar) in stamps for Claude I hoee it will get and haven't yet received it. I smight heap to hink I am worrying you a mighty heap to hink I am worrying you shirt theif stamps to day. I have a test please excuse eme I enjoyed little frame more thrift stamps in am coing to get some more thrift stamps to day. I have a test please excuse me, I enjoyed little frame more thrift stamps to day. I have a test please excuse this winter. I and sorry. I have nad a very pleasant vacation. I can run out machine real well low. I can afford—a dime is a plenty—troite? I enjoy it ever so much. School starts left of September, I will be real sorry. I have nad a very pleasant vacation.

P. S.—Inclosed find a drawing, which I have a test or run in car. With love way old member. CHARLOTTER ANDERSON.

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P. S.—Inclosed find a drawing, which I have a test or run in car. With love way old member. CHARLOTTER ANDERSON.

P. S.—Inclosed find a drawing, which I for me. From ALLEN W. SMITH.

Petersburg.

P. S.—Inclosed find a drawing, which I for me for your page, and I wish you would print it for me. From ALLEN W. SMITH.

Petersburg.

P. S.—Inclosed find a drawing, which I will be orinted.—C. K. A.

With be orinted.—C. K. A.

With provided the 60 cents (see the for cents) were received the 60 cents your page, and I was for the rest of the war orphans in July, as well as the generous one of this week. It came generous one of this week. It came the wa





Within the German wall.
Composed by J. E. TODD,

HOW MARTHA WOY HER THRIFT STAMP.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Martha; she was very, very poor. She did not get money often to buy candy, and she hadn't bought any war savings or thrift stamps.

"Marse Jeems" Cary

Hands holding back the overgrown shrubbery, bending forward on eager tiptoes. Cary Rutherford surveyed the tumbling remains of an old Southern

"Rather gone to seed, isn't it uncle?" she smiled at the old negro who held her horse.

The survivor of a race that is no more scratched his head reflectively.
"Dat's Marse Jeem's place," he said proudly, "ain't no one live dar fuh fifty years."

"Fifty years, uncle!" repeated the girl." Then it has a story? Tell me." She settled herself on the ground be-

She settled herself on the ground before him.

"Well Marse Jeems Cary were de son
uv ole Marse Jeems Cary whut wuz de
son of Marse Jeems Carys back to
Noah. Dee wuz de fine folks—de 'ristocrats. De quality din wuz finer dan
all de Kings in de worl'. Dose pahties
ole Marse useter give Marse Jeems
were de purtiest in Fuhginny.

Whin Marse Jeems were jes' so high

Were de purtiest in Fuhginny.

Whin Marse Jeems were Jes' so high wid his little gat legs already a dangling on his pony's back ole Mistis died. Young marster din wuz de apple of ole marster's eye—as de preacher sez. Nobody could git round marser cussin of him. Not long after dat cum the war and ole marster got kilt. You heah tell uv dat? Marse Jeems wuz Jes seventeen but he fot two den. De ole manshun wuz burnt down while he gone. Marse Jeems had to live in de overseer's house.

Well, he went up North and married

But took the arms.
And quickly rode away;
The prince no more did them pursue And soon came their wedding day.
—PRISCILLA YATES.

SOME WAYS IN WHICH FOOD IS WASTED.

nadn't bought any war savings or thrift stamps.

One day her father gave her 25 cents to buy anything that she wan'ed with. This geemed like a large amount to little Martha. She thought and thought, but could not think of what to buy with her money. She wanted some candy very much, but she said that she could not spend her money on candy these hard times. After thinking a while longer, she told her father that she was going to buy a thrift stamp. So she ran to the post-office and bought her a thrift stamp. So she ran to the post-office and bought her a thrift stamp. She there a thrift stamp. She there are of toy in her eyes to think that she had done something to helm "Uncle Sam".

ELIZABETH MATTHEWS.

(1). In stale bread,
(2). In kitchen garbage.
(3). In table crumbs,
(4). In meat and chicken bones.
(5). In bread crusts.
(6). In fats of: eat,
(7). In frying meats and not saving the fat.
(8). In feeding too much protein.
(8). In improper cooking.
(10). In eating the wrong kinds of food.

food.

(11). In eating more than we really need.

(12). Especially in keeping too many domestic nets. RUBY HARRIS.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

thing to heln "Uncle Sam"

ELIZABETH MATTHEWS.

OUR FLAG IS STHLE WAVING.

Oh! God let our flag still wave, over the soldiers, the brave;
They are fighting for our country true, and Blue.

We're going to get those horrid Huns With cansons and with guns.

We are never going to let our old flag fall within the German wall.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

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CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was Christmas Eve. Clara, Tom and Jack thought that they would go out and buy some toys. When they got to the toyshop they saw three poorly-dressed little children. They had no purses, and they were looking sadly at the toys. Clara, the biggest girl, said: "Let's buy a toy for each of those children." So they took the other children into the shop and bought a big doll for the big girl and a boat for the baby. Then all six children were happy, but I think that the little girls were the happiest. were the happiest.

ISABELLA BOULDIN.





EAT MORE CURNPRODUCTI THE BUSAT THE Wheat &B

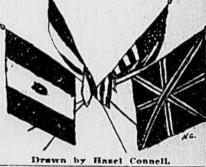
Drawn by Ruth Ladd.

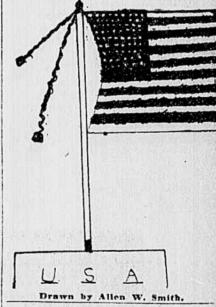


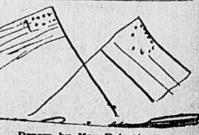


Drawn by Virginia Rosenberger.









Drawn by May Palmatory.

Drawn by Earl Johnson